Wichita Eagle

A CAMERA ROMANCE.

The Artist's Convincing Argument for His Favorite Invention.

HE owls were holding a session at the club. The hour was late, the cards lay idle on the table, and between puffs of smoke and sips of claret punch we plunged into the discussion of the abstract. Politics were eschewed, but science, religion and the arts were debated long and earnestly.

The professor had just been telling us of his latest mathematical successes and filled us full of his new theorem of quadratic equations, and the doctor had invited our attention to his recent discovery of a new species of microbe, when the engineer diverted them from their favorite topics by propounding the question: "What is the most valuable invention of the age?"

The professor promptly declared that the locomotive could not be dispensed with, and began an elaborate calculation of the number of horses it would take to move the freight that is annually handled by the New York Central, whereat the doctor put in his oar for the medical application of electricity and opened fire on us with a lecture on electro-therapeutics which he had recently delivered before the students in the hospital.

The engineer interrupted him and expatiated on the use of electricity in mechanics until I precipitated a derisive laugh by declaring the camera to be really the most important invention of the age. The professor, the doctor and the engineer looked at me as if contemplating my removal to the insane ward of the city hospital, but I clung to my opinion and reasserted it.

"Will you buy if we consent to listen to your argument?" asked the professor.

I expressed a willingness to foot the bill for additional punch and cigars.

"All right," responded the engineer, touching the electric call for the waiter.

We lighted our fresh Gracias and I began my tale.

"When I went to Paris to study art I took with me a folding camera, which takes a 5x7 picture. I intended to use it on my sketching expeditions, and preserve with it as well a few souvenirs from the points of interest that I might visit in Europe. Arrived in Paris, I took a room in a large compartment house, the price of which was in harmony with my rather limited means. I cooked my own breakfasts and lunches on a gas stove, and took one hearty meal a day at some one of the excellent cafes to be found along the route between my room and the academy where I was pursuing my art studies.

"A few weeks after I took these lodgings the suite of rooms on the opposite side of the little court into which my window looked was taken by M. Paul Dauchy, the famous artist, and his daughter, Annette. The court was scarcely twenty-five feet in width, and every morning I saw Annette at the window, watering the flowers or sitting in the little balcony reading, sometimes to herself and sometimes aloud to her father. The face haunted me. I found myself painting her likeness into every picture that I attempted at the academy. I was constantly trying to reproduce her features on canvas, but no red was rich enough to paint those smiling lips, no white could equal her rows of matchless teeth. 'Twould, indeed, have taken the hand of an old master to catch the grace of her darkly arching eyebrows or the glory of her sunlit hair.

" 'Her cheek was like the Catherine pear.
The side that's next the sun.'

"Yes, I was mad with love. I was deliciously miserable. There seemed no hope, yet I remembered that 'he has hope who has nothing else.' But how could it be possible for her father, the famous academician, to look with favor on the penniless student cooking his own meals over a gas stove?

"Every morning I watched for her appearance at the window. Sometimes I met her on the street. Once in a jostling crowd her skirts brushed against me. How my pulses leaped. I was walking on air. Then came the reaction. How absurd. I could never possess her. I began to dread the day when I could no longer see her at the window. How dreary this cruel world would be without a daily glimpse at her fair face and queenly form. I was in the depths of despair. Ah! My camera! I would photograph her every day at the open window without her knowing it. I would have her picture as she appeared at home caring for her aged father.

"The very next morning I caught a snap shot of my Annette, and as the weeks passed on every bright day added one or more pictures to my collection. I grew interested in the father as well and often photographed him as he sat at the open window or on the little balcony with his friends, gayly chatting of early triumphs and defeats. After a time I noticed that there seemed to be trouble across the court. There were conferences and papers, and one day angry words seemed to be passing between M. Dauchy and a shrewd-looking old banker whom I had frequently seen in the rooms. I often took shots at these visitors with my camera, for there were large windows on two sides of the room, and M. Dauchy seemed to be fond of raising the curtains to their full height and allowing the rays of the morning sun to pour in full upon him.

"While enjoying a ride on top of an omnibus and reading my Figaro one morning, a few days after I had witnessed the angry scene between Annette's father and the banker, my eye was caught by the name of M. Dauchy in the headline over the court items. Reading farther I learned that he was concerned in a recent bank failure. He had gone into some wild speculation with the president of the bank just a few days before its collapse and had become involved, innocently I felt sure, in some very shady transactions. The case was to be called that morning.

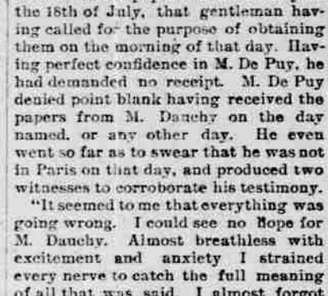
"I at once decided to attend, hoping to get a glimpse at the face of my fair Annette. The courtroom was crowded with angry creditors, and the usual rabble of lookers-on. Seated near her father was Annette, her pale face full of loving solicitude for him. I found a seat where I could watch her without attracting attention, and there I sat torturing my soul first with pity for Annette and her father, and then with pity for myself. It occurred to me for an instant that if M. Dauchy was sent to prison, I might play the part of the noble protector. My heart almost leaped with hope. But no, there were relatives rich and kind, that would not see her suffer, and I felt, too, that Annette's proud spirit would never allow her to marry while her name was under a cloud.

"The case proceeded slowly, and the weight of the evidence seemed to be against M. Dauchy. All apparently hung on the delivery of a certain packet of valuable papers to M. De Puy, the banker, whom I had seen across the court. M. Dauchy swore that he delivered these papers to M. De Puy on the 18th of July, that gentleman having called for the purpose of obtaining them on the morning of that day. Having perfect confidence in M. De Puy, he had demanded no receipt. M. De Puy denied point blank having received the papers from M. Dauchy on the day named, or any other day. He even went so far as to swear that he was not in Paris on that day, and produced two witnesses to corroborate his testimony.

"It seemed to me that everything was going wrong. I could see no hope for M. Dauchy. Almost breathless with excitement and anxiety I strained every nerve to catch the full meaning of all that was said. I almost forgot to look at Annette. Just at this point M. Dauchy picked up a packet of papers and handed them across the table to his attorney. Something in the movement struck me as familiar. What could it be? I felt that I must solve the problem at once. It was my chance to act, but my brain was in a whirl. What was the connection? Why could I not get something tangible out of my confused ideas?

"My pictures! There was one; yes, I remembered it perfectly now, in which M. Dauchy was handing a packet of papers to M. De Puy. There was something remarkable about the clearness of this picture that had struck me at the time. I remember that even the hands on the clock were to be seen, for the sunlight chanced to fall full upon it.

"I hurried out of the court and ran like mad to my room. In ten minutes I was back with the picture in my hand. As I entered the courtroom I glanced at Annette. She seemed to



HE WAS HANDING A PACKAGE TO M. DE PUY.

have grown a shade paler; a tear hung from her long lashes and her pretty white teeth were cruelly biting her quivering lips. But my heart was buoyant now. With breathless haste I rushed to the judge's desk and threw down my picture, explaining my action in what was probably the worst French ever heard in that courtroom. But the picture spoke plainer than words. There stood M. Dauchy at a small table across which he was handing a package of papers to M. De Puy. Between them and just beyond could be seen a calendar clock, the hands of which pointed to the hour 9:10, and to the day July 18.

"The tide was turned; in twenty minutes M. Dauchy was acquitted and Annette was in his arms. His first care was to hunt me out and express his gratitude, and handing me his card he urged that he and his daughter would be pleased to have me call that evening and explain the mysteries of 'La petite camera.' I was on hand at the earliest moment that I deemed proper, immaculately gotten up in newly-pressed claw-hammer and toothpick patent leathers. I wasn't so prompt about leaving and readily promised to call again and show Annette all of my pictures.

"As soon as I dared I kept my promise. There were eighty-four pictures and seventy-six of them were of Annette. We were alone when I showed them to her, and—but, gentlemen, I draw the curtain here. The sequel is that to-morrow I sail for Paris and two weeks from to-day Annette is to become my wife. What'll you have, boys?"

Omnes: "Champagne!"

"And let us drink," said the professor, rising, "not to our good doctor's electric bath, not to the dynamo or the locomotive, neither to the fair Annette nor the expectant groom, but rather to the little instrument that saved M. Dauchy his liberty and gained for our artist a wife. Vive La Camera."—William De Wales, in N. Y. Journalist.

A High Standard.

Stokes—Is Penmann a popular author?

Malthy—Yes, indeed: he never writes anything that is not instantly declared to be unworthy of his reputation.—Truth.

A Good Thing in the Laundry.

Gum arabic is, doubtless, the most invaluable aid to the laundress who desires the most beautiful possible finish for her goods. As this gum does not dissolve very readily, the following will be found an excellent method for its preparation: Pound two ounces of the fine white gum to a powder, and pour over it in a pitcher a pint of boiling water; cover the vessel and allow it to stand over night. In the morning pour the solution carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle and set it aside for use. A tablespoonful of this gum water in a pint of starch will give a fine, smooth gloss to shirts and like goods, which can be obtained in no other way. It is not safe to add the powdered gum to the starch while it is being made, as there is the possibility of particles of sediment being present, and it will be difficult to get a perfect blending of the gum.—Chicago Journal.

CHARMED BY RATTLERS.

Five Snakes and a Rat Do Battle in a Hotel Window.

"YES, SIR," said John Gilbert, the traveling groceryman. "Rattlesnakes can charm, provided you have enough snakes and put a rat in with them. Then you watch them. They won't charm the rat. No. They will charm you. That is, if you are anything like I am, and you call it being charmed to stand gazing steadily at snakes and rat, with no inclination or desire to take your eyes off and go away. I was under the spell of such a fascination the other night, and I believe I would be there staring at those snakes and that rat yet if something hadn't happened to break the spell.

"It was up in Punxsutawney, Pa. There have always been a great many rattlesnakes about Punxsutawney, and even the name of the place doesn't scare them away. I was in that town last week, and a guest at the Hotel Pantall intimated that he would like to see a live rattlesnake. The landlord of that hotel is a very accommodating chap, and he at once sent a man out to get a rattler, telling him to hurry up. The man came back in a few minutes. He had five rattlesnakes, all nice, big, bright, sassy fellows, fresh from the freedom of the adjacent hills. The guest who had said he was anxious to see a rattlesnake turned out to be a liar. He didn't want to see a rattler at all, for when the man came in with his choice specimens the guest jumped out of his chair five feet, and grabbed his grip and left. But the landlord took the guest's discourtesy all in good part, and put the five snakes in the bay window in front of the house and shut them in.

"'I'll keep 'em there,' he said, 'so I'll have 'em handy, and won't have to waste any time sending out for one for the next guest who would like to see one.'

"I got through in Punxsutawney, ate my supper, paid my bill and started to get the first train for the next town, where I had an important engagement. As I was going out the landlord came along. He had a big rat.

"'Going to put him in with the snakes,' said the landlord. "It'll only last a few seconds, but you'll see some fun.'

"I had plenty of time, so I stopped to see the fun. The rat was dropped in with the snakes. The snakes were lying at one end of the window in a listless sort of way, but the instant the rat dropped in every snake was up in arms. Each one coiled quicker than a flash. Every rattler sounded a loud alarm; five big and ugly heads were raised from the coils, and five black tongues darted out and quivered with the excitement of their owners. The rat crouched down in one corner and seemed paralyzed with terror. Ten glittering eyes glared at it, and nothing else was done for some time. I forgot all about my train and my engagement in the next town, and gazed at the snakes and the rat spellbound. Presently the rat moved, turned and faced the snakes, and then made a dash at one, gave it a sharp bite in the neck and jumped back just in time and far enough to avoid the reptile's vicious and deadly strike. The offensive tactics of the rat enraged the rattlers, and two of them uncoiled and made a rush for him. The rat showed fight. One of the snakes shoved its face within three inches of the rat, and ran its tongue out and in at him. This made the rat mad, and, watching his chance, he shot forward and bit the snake's tongue off and spit it out on the bottom of the window. A tremor ran through the snake as if the nipping off of his tongue hurt him from snout to rattles, and he quickly re-

EVERY SNAKE WAS UP IN ARMS.

treated and huddled up in one corner of the window. The other snake that had moved upon the rat then made a pass for it. The rat sprang up, jumped clean over the rattler, turned, and with a movement so quick that it made me dizzy fastened its teeth in the snake's neck, biting it clear through. When the rat released the rattler the reptile keeled over on the floor, and although I could see by his glaring eyes and a convulsive movement along his entire length that he was alive, he didn't get up, and took no interest in the subsequent proceedings.

"The success of the rat's maneuvers swelled his head, and he began to tread around in the window as if he owned it. The three snakes that remained defiant had scattered about in the window, and the rat would make a rush toward one manage to elude its strike, and then dash at another, and then at the third, going from one to another in succession, worrying the enraged snakes until their fury was terrible to see. I stood there with my nose flattened against the glass entirely oblivious to everything around me but the snakes and rat. I have an indistinct impression that I heard my train come and go, and after a time another one, and some time later a third, but I can't say positively. I know that I never took my eyes off of the snakes and the rat.

"The rat had worried and drawn the fire of the three snakes, so to speak, for I don't know how long, when the rattlers made a strategic move of their own. They had evidently seen that singly they were no match for the cute

THE SNAKE SHOT OUT ITS DEADLY HEAD.

agile rodent. By and by something was dropped in the window upon the snakes. I don't know who dropped it in, but I saw that it was a piece of cheese. It lay behind the two snakes, and partially on one. The rat soon smelt the cheese, and with a bound went clear over the snakes and seized the savory morsel. The snakes glided away to the other end of the window. The rat nibbled at the cheese until he had eaten it all. Thus refreshed, he turned his attention to the snakes again. His luncheon seemed to have made him bolder even than he had been, and he rushed fiercely upon one of the snakes and seized it by the neck. The other snake moved off a short distance, but quickly turned. The rat was still nipping at his last victim's neck. The remaining snake shot out his deadly head and hit the rat squarely behind one of his forelegs. The shot told. The rat dropped his snake and, with a sharp cry, sprang at the snake that had struck him. The rattler shot out his head again and sank his fangs in the rat's nose. The rat fell over on his side, got up and ran around in a circle for two or three seconds and then fell again. He made a few convulsive kicks, and was as dead as any rat ever was with a load of poison in him. The snake stretched itself out in a corner and seemed to fall into a contented sleep.

"Then the spell that had held me there with my face against the window was broken. I turned to move away, and, to my intense surprise, found that I was wedged in by a crowd of others who had been fascinated, I suppose, as I was, although I had not noticed them before. I squeezed through, and when I looked up at the hotel clock I almost dropped in a faint. It was eleven o'clock. For five hours I had flattened my nose against that window and taken no note of time. The last train had gone, and I had to stay in Punxsutawney all night. That snake-charming seance cost me just two hundred and fifty dollars, for that is what I lost by missing my engagement in the next town."—N. Y. Sun.

He Could Not Get Away.

A weary old man dropped with a sigh into a seat in a street car. At the other end three or four young men were talking and laughing.

"They have just returned from their vacation," said the tired man to his next neighbor.

"They seem to have enjoyed it."

"Yes; they seem to. They work in the same store that I do."

"Ah!"

"Yes. They have all been away now—everybody in the store—clerks, bookkeepers and heads of departments, even the cash boys and the wrapping men and the porters. Everybody has had his vacation—but me."

"All but you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I should think your employer would let you off, too."

The old man shook his head.

"What's the reason he won't?"

"Well," replied the weary man with another sigh, "you see, I'm the proprietor myself."—Shoe and Leather Review.

—Hurry is the handmaid of worry.—Ram's Horn.

A Chance For a Sore Tongue.

Mrs. Poots—What are you looking so glum about?

Poots—Oh, there's a confoundedly tender spot on my tongue from resting against a broken tooth.

"Humph! You're always grunting about something. Funny I never have anything like that the matter with my tongue."

"Nothing funny about it. Your tongue is never at rest."—Texas Siftings.

A New Trick.

Old Fogy Proprietor—Why did you treat that shabbily dressed woman so coolly?

Sharp Clerk—You noticed I sold to her, didn't you?

"Yes."

"And the article didn't really suit her."

"I noticed that."

"She bought it because she thought I thought she couldn't afford to."—N. Y. Weekly.

—Editor—Is this a late poem of yours? Writer—Yes, but I can change it to any hour that will make it sell well.

THE FOOTBALL GENERALS

Harvard and Yale's Captains Cast an Eye on the Outlook.

Trafford and McCormick—They Tell of the Make-Up of Their Respective Teams—A Colored Aspirant For Honors.

I wish at the outset to put at rest the opinions of New York and Boston newspaper critics that Harvard's football team is absolutely sure to win this year. We are by no means certain, and I say this knowing the material we have in hand and something concerning Yale's material, and more particularly concerning Yale's wonderful recuperative powers. They have always a great host of graduates ready to respond to the call for coachers, and with us that has ever been a difficult task. Then, too, the public must remember that we have won but once in seventeen years, and sixteen defeats tell a rather startling story. We have lots of work ahead of us, and only patient endeavor in the line of team and individual training will accomplish good results.

I have this year made a special appeal to the graduates, and I have most of them interested. Lee is back and is aiding us, although he will not be on the team, owing to the promises made his family. He is coaching the backs and quarter-backs. Cumnock has the tackles and ends in hand and my brother Perry the guards. Cranston is in the center rushes and on the center men in general, while Bert Holden, the captain of the team in 1888, will be here soon to coach at all points. I depend upon him to put life into the team.

HUSTLERS FROM THE YALE TEAM.

This certainly shows that our graduates have come to the mark. Last year we only had Stewart and Adams to aid us. This year I have complete charge, and my appeals to the graduates, which have been constant, have, as you see, met with responses.

The material we have in hand is, on the whole, as good as we have ever had. For center H. H. Lewis, a colored student, is doing fairly well. He was in the Amherst team last year. He is rather light in his work. W. H. Shea is getting his weight down from 225 to 210, and is rather slow yet.

H. Russel is one of the new men. He was a member of last year's famous Hopkinson School team, and is a promising player.

Trying for guards we have Bob Acton, who was a member of the crew, and is a new man in football.

W. S. Mackay played right guard last year. This year I am trying him as a left guard, and he is doing finely. J. A. Highlands, the well-known Harvard pitcher, is playing for guard. C. A. Pierce of St. Paul School team, a Freshman this year, is a strong man. He met with an accident early in the season, but will be all right soon. R. Blake of last year's team is light, but is playing well.

Practising.

Forming a V.

Among those trying for tackles, M. Newell, the right tackle, is certain of a place on the eleven. He is playing a rattling game. J. D. Upton, who played left tackle on the winning team of 1890, and who was on the sick list last year, is with us again. B. G. Waters, left tackle last year, and F. Mason, last years substitute, are both working well. In fact, these four men are playing a very even game.

F. W. Hallowell and R. W. Emmons are trying for ends, and pushing them are G. Collomore and Foster. The latter was on the Andover team last year, and plays a good deal like Hinkey of Yale.

For quarter-backs, Gage, Fairchild and Gould are pushing each other hard. Gage is by no means certain of being on the team this year. Fairchild is a Freshman, and was the captain of the the Hopkinson team last year. A. H. Gould is from the Boston Latin School, and plays his position well.

I play half-back, and trying for the position is E. J. Lake, who, by the way, is surer than any of the backs of getting a place on the team. Both Bremer and Fennessy are playing admirably. Corbett has Gray pushing him. Gray was a substitute last year, and at times now plays a marvelous game. Then there was Webster, a Freshman, and G. R. Feaning, who are also trying. So that comprises the material from which the Harvard eleven will be chosen.

Yale last year had a lot of excellent substitutes, who almost make up for the loss of any of their men. McCormick is a better player than Barbour, who dropped out of the team. I admit, however, that it will be hard to find men who can replace McClung and Heffelfinger, but Yale has wonderful reviving powers, and there is no telling what the fine training will accomplish for them.

Our team is, on the whole, a little fat, but it won't take long to come down to weight.

BERTE TRAFFORD.

At the Ball.

He (who has been boring her all the evening)—It's a good night for some of the belles, Miss Edie.

She—It ought to be a "good night" for some of the men, too.—Chicago News Record.

His Infernal Impudence.

Trivvet—What are you doing, Dicer?

Dicer—I am still looking for something to turn up.

Trivvet—But you don't need to look farther than your nose for that.—Truth.

TRAVEL IN ENGLAND.

People Keep Their Own Carriages and Ride in Third-Class Coaches.

To satisfy curiosity I've traveled in carriages of each class. The classes chiefly patronized are the first and third, while the second rather goes a-begging, and in some trains second-class carriages are omitted entirely. There is little, if any, difference between the second and third-class carriages, while there is quite a little difference between the fares. The second-class, an astute and old observer tells me, is patronized chiefly by American tourists, cheap snubs and more or less doubtful characters. There's a trite saying that "only dukes and fools (of the kind that are soon parted with their money) travel first-class." The great bulk of travel is done by third-class, for which the fare, except for very long distances, is only about half of what it is first-class. For instance, I tried the third-class carriage going to Newmarket—a two hours' ride—and paid a trifle more than five shillings, the first-class fare being a little over ten shillings. For the same distance at home a seat in the parlor car would have cost only twenty-five or fifty cents extra, the difference between traveling in an ordinary "day coach" and a clean, comfortable parlor car. Pretty nearly all the English, except the nobility, and frequently members of the nobility who appreciate the value of pounds, shillings and pence quite as fully as a man without a grandfather, travel by third-class. To show the class of people one meets, I had, during my journey to Newmarket, as companions, an honest, sweet-faced country woman and a scholarly-looking old clergyman (the clergy all travel third-class) who had been to London to assist in arranging for the Lowell memorial in the Westminster abbey, who had visited at Mr. Andrew Carnegie's who knew some of the "best people" (so far as social position goes) in England, and who was the incarnation of refined good-breeding.

I have seen people issue from third-class compartments and go to waiting carriages with powdered and silk-stockinged coachmen and footmen, who showed them a deference that put to rout the suggestion that they were dependents or "poor relations." On a recent Sunday trip to the country I saw a baronet, who is member of parliament, and his wife walk from a third-class carriage to their luxurious and well-appointed landau, and not at all with the I-hope-nobody-saw-me-come-from-there air that anyone of good position at home would have done.

Where I traveled second I had the compartment to myself after dropping a shilling in the guard's hand and requesting him to reserve it for ladies. He posted up in the window a placard "Reserved for ladies," and I got more attention from that guard for a shilling than I ever got from a porter off a Pullman at home for a like sum. When I traveled first-class I had as companion a consumptive young man who insisted on keeping the window on his side closed all the way, and a grumpy old man who insisted on keeping the window on his side open all the way, and occasionally granted his disapproval of people who can't stand fresh air.

Second-class fares are about half of the difference between first and third class, sometimes a little more.

As far as accommodations are concerned it's "drawing straws" between the three class of compartments as to which is the most (or least) comfortable. The third and second are precisely alike. A railway carriage compartment reminds me of nothing so forcibly as it does of the interior of a bobtail street car. In the two classes mentioned the compartments run crossways of the carriage, and, like the bobtail car, have two long, hard wooden-bench seats covered with carpet. Sometimes they are slightly upholstered and still more uncomfortable, and sometimes they have a cushioned rest along the back, which is concave where it should be convex, and convex where it should be concave. The seats face each other, accommodate five or six persons each and necessitate half the number riding backward. At either end of each seat there's a window which can't be opened, and at each side of the compartment there's a door with a window which can be opened. Over the seats are racks for parcels and outside the door on the right-hand side is the bell-rope, to be pulled in case of trouble. This is absolutely all there is in a compartment. You can't get a drink, even if your tongue hangs out from thirst, unless you bounce out when the train stops at a station and take chances on getting left, and there is no toilet-room. The only difference between these compartments and the first-class is that in the first-class the seats are cushioned and upholstered with stuffy plush, and in some are divided off into chairs. The compartments are the same size and shape and have absolutely nothing more in them.

The guard pops you into a compartment and leaves you to find your destination as best you can, and unless you give him a shilling or impress him with the belief that you will give him one you don't see him again until he takes up your ticket, which may be two or three stations beyond where you intended getting out. No one calls the stations when the train stops, or if there does no one hears them called, and if you don't know where your stopping-place is you must either stick your head out of the window and yell, "Guard, I say, guard, what stop's this?" or give him a shilling to tell you when you get in. The average Englishman resorts to the yell. I found it easier to give the shilling.—Washington Post.

—Dr. Phillips, the Philadelphian who is now occupying the pulpit of the late Dr. Spurgeon, is remembered in the Quaker City for his unusual charitable deeds. For instance, he used to supply inmates in the "untried department" of Moyamensing prison with reading matter and lemons, and often sent flowers to the blind children in the public institutions—to each child a bouquet of the flowers preferred.

Why He Bought No Stamps.

"Mr. Scribble," said the old millionaire.

"Yes, sir," answered his private secretary.

"Here are one hundred and fifty begging letters received yesterday."

"Yes, sir."

"And you will observe that every one has a two-cent stamp inclosed for a reply."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, answer them all evasively on postal cards, and encourage them to write again."—Texas Siftings.

—The living truths of God can no more be routed from his word by investigation and criticism than living air and sunshine can be chased from a room through open windows by working fan or bellows. The enemies of the Bible are those who care more for its binding than for its contents; those whose parlor tables, rather than lives, are adorned by its presence.—Chicago Interior.

—There are Congregational churches in all the states except Delaware, and in all the territories except Alaska. The total of members in this country, not including several thousands converts in connection with missions of the American board in foreign lands, is more than half a million. Massachusetts, where Congregationalists were the first colonists, has a larger proportion of the total than any other state, 101,890; Connecticut comes second, with 59,154; New York third, with 45,686; Illinois fourth, with 33,830; Ohio fifth, with 33,281; and Michigan sixth, with 24,583.—Central Congregationalist.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—The fool never has an idea that is too large to slip out of his mouth.—Galveston News.

—At Sea.—She—And why is a ship called she? He—Aye, ma'am! because the rigging costs so much.—Judy.

—When a man is over head and ears in love with one woman it is useless to ask his opinion of the beauty of another.—Cape Cod Item.

—A husband should always make his wife an allowance. Every wife, you know, has to make allowances for the husband.—Boston Globe.

—It has not yet occurred to the dictionary makers to classify "phonograph" as a feminine noun, simply because it talks back.—Philadelphia Times.

—"Generally speaking—" began Hicks. "Yes, you are," said Mawson. "Are what?" queried Hicks. "Generally speaking," retorted Mawson.—Harper's Bazar.

—He'd Been Cut Often Enough.—Cholly—D'ye knaw that cutting makes a diamond—aw—bwilliant? Kate—What a pity you're not a diamond!—Jewelers' Weekly.

—Briggs—I hear you proposed to Miss Moneypenny the other night." Griggs—Yes. "How did you come out with your suit?" "I saved most of it."—Clothier and Furnisher.

—He was a very absent-minded man. "I am very fond of fr——," she said. "I just dote on lemons." "Yes," he replied, "you know the saying, 'sweets to the sweet.'"—Washington Star.

—A Lone Hand.—"Ah, I hold a diamond," he remarked, gazing at her ring. "Yes," she answered, "but you want to look out—the man who holds the heart has a club, too."—N. Y. Herald.

—Mrs. Morris Parke (to her bosom friend)—"Dear me, Sarah, I only wish I was able to go out as you do! but it seems as if I was always to be tied up in the house. Mrs. Binthar—Why don't you discharge your girl, Amanda? Maybe you could get an afternoon off, yourself, then, once in a while!

—Money is really worth only what it will bring in the things we want; and for that purpose ten dollars a day are just about as much as one thousand dollars a day. In addition to this, there is only the gratified pride which arises from having made a success—the satisfaction that the boy feels who swims furthest, or the girl who stands at the head of her class.—Cyrus W. Field.